



JUNE
NO.184

10c

Pow-Wow Smith
INDIAN LAWMAN



Detective COMICS

BATMAN and ROBIN
FACE A NEW
MENACE—
*The Man of
1,000 Lights—*
IN
**"The HUMAN
FIREFLY!"**



SUPERMAN

says:

"Hop on the WELFARE WAGON!"

SAY, MR. STANTON, I HEAR SUPERMAN'S GOING TO SPEAK FOR OUR HOSPITAL FUND DRIVE!

BAH! WHO NEEDS A HOSPITAL IN THIS TOWN? I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF! I'M NOT GIVING A RED CENT, SUPERMAN OR NO SUPERMAN!

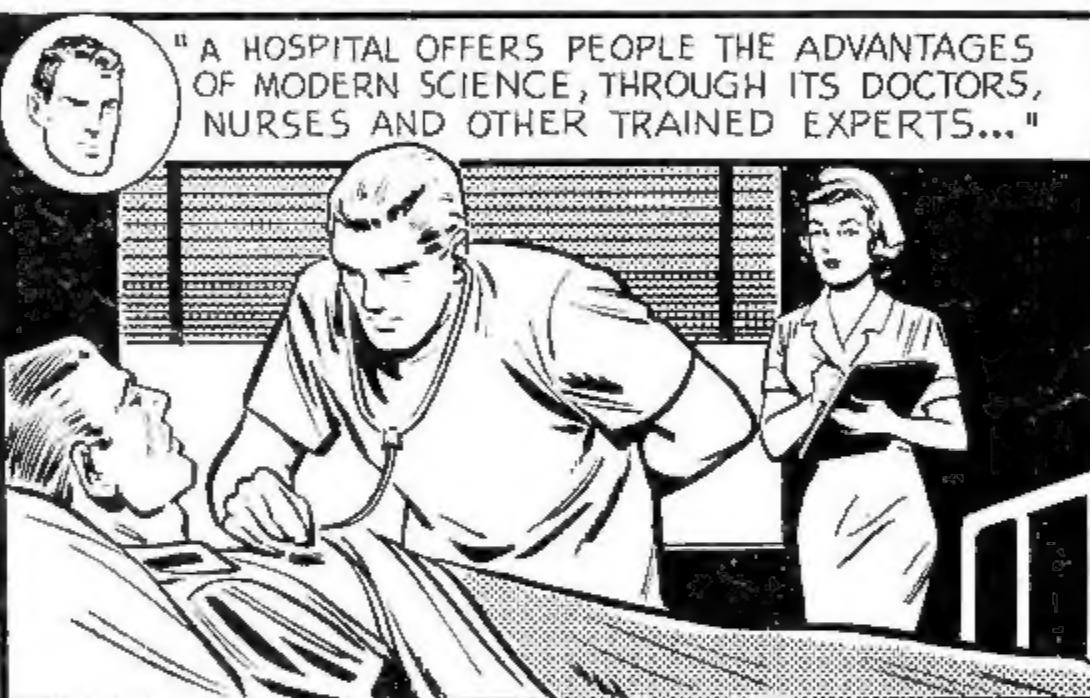
DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?

I THINK YOU HAVE THE WRONG SLANT, MR. STANTON--AND YOU'RE LIABLE TO GIVE OTHERS THE WRONG ONE, TOO!

HOSPITAL FUND DRIVE

SINCE THE DAYS OF THE FIRST SETTLERS, AMERICANS HAVE HELPED EACH OTHER WHEN SICKNESS AND TROUBLE CAME. TODAY WE HELP, THROUGH TAXES AND CONTRIBUTIONS, TO SUPPORT HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES IN OUR COMMUNITIES, SO THAT ANYONE, RICH OR POOR, CAN HAVE THEM AVAILABLE AT ANY TIME.

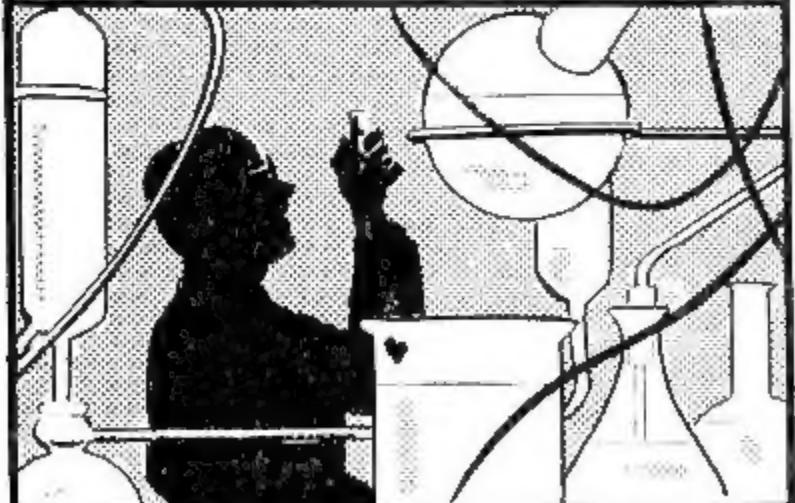
"A HOSPITAL OFFERS PEOPLE THE ADVANTAGES OF MODERN SCIENCE, THROUGH ITS DOCTORS, NURSES AND OTHER TRAINED EXPERTS..."



"HEALTH DEPARTMENT LABORATORIES PROVIDE TESTS TO AID IN DIAGNOSIS. IF IT'S A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE, SPECIALISTS WILL GO INTO ACTION TO PREVENT ITS SPREADING TO OTHER FAMILIES..." 1952.

"MANY COMMUNITIES HAVE VISITING NURSE SERVICES IN TIME OF NEED, AND FAMILY SERVICE AGENCIES AND OTHER SOCIAL WORKERS ARE AVAILABLE WHEN OTHER PROBLEMS ARISE..."

ALL THESE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE AGENCIES HELP TO PROTECT THE WELFARE OF THE COMMUNITY -- AND THAT MEANS **YOUR** WELFARE, TOO!



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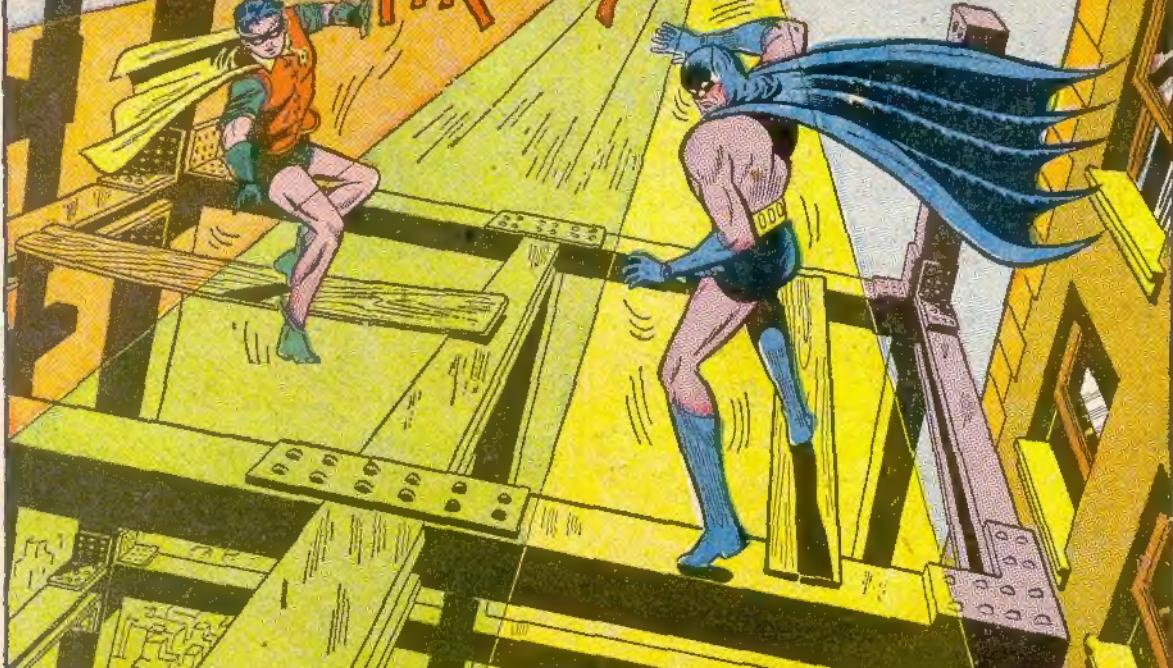
BATMAN

With
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

THE FIREFLY...

HARMLESS LITTLE CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, WHOSE PALE, COLD LIGHT HAS BAFFLED SCIENTISTS FOR CENTURIES! BUT NOT SO INNOCENT IS ITS **HUMAN** COUNTERPART--A NEW AND TERRIBLE NAME IN CRIME ANNALS--WHOSE AMAZING KNOWLEDGE OF FANTASTIC LIGHTING EFFECTS PROVIDES A SEEMINGLY UNBEATABLE WEAPON AGAINST ANY AND ALL WHO DARE CHALLENGE HIM... UNTIL **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**, GRIM AND GALLANT PURSUITERS OF EVIL-DOERS, SWOOP DOWN FROM THE NIGHT TO COMBAT THE MAN OF 1,000 LIGHTS, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS...

**The HUMAN
FIREFLY!!!**



A GREAT THROG GATHERS AT THE HUGE GOTHAM THEATER TO SEE THE TOWN'S NEWEST MUSICAL SENSATION, "AQUA-MELODIES OF 1952!"

WELL! BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON.

GOOD EVENING, MR. AND MRS. CHADWYCKE! AWAY FROM THE COMFORTABLE TOWN CLUBS, DICK-- BUT I GUESS A GOOD MUSICAL CAN DO THE TRICK!

"GOOD MUSICAL." HMPF! I'D RATHER HAVE SEEN A WESTERN MOVIE!

INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GET US THESE TICKETS, DICK. BESIDES, IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A REALLY GOOD SHOW! SHH-- I THINK IT'S CURTAIN TIME!



MEANWHILE, IN THE LIGHTING-EFFECTS CONTROL BOOTH, A SINISTER PLOT TAKES SHAPE...

I AM MERELY GARFIELD LYNN, WORLD'S FOREMOST LIGHTING-EFFECTS GENIUS! YES, I EXIST ON A MEAGER SALARY WHILE THOSE IDIOTS IN THE AUDIENCE COME HERE IN THEIR LIMOUSINES, THEIR FUR COATS--FLASHING RARE GEMS!

BUT WE'LL FIX 'EM TONIGHT, BOSS! DA BOYS HAVE ALL Dese USHERS' SUITS-- LIKE YA WANTED, AN' THEY'LL BE STANDIN' WHERE YA TOLD 'EM. IT'S ALL SET!



THEN, WITH A CRASH OF MUSIC, THE CURTAIN GOES UP ON "AQUA-MELODIES OF 1952!"

THIS SCENE IS "BALLET OF THE DEEP." TRICKY LIGHTING EFFECTS MAKE IT APPEAR TO BE UNDER WATER! REALISTIC, ISN'T IT?



I'LL SAY! AIR BUBBLES AND ALL!

SUDDENLY, BRILLIANT DANCING LIGHTS OF RED, ORANGE AND YELLOW PLAY THROUGH THE MOCK UNDER-WATER FOREST-- AND EVEN TO THOSE UP CLOSE RESEMBLES A REAL FIRE!

FIRE! FIRE!

THE STAGE IS ON FIRE!



THE PANIC SPREADS TO THE AUDIENCE...

THAT'S NO REAL
"FIRE," DICK!
NOTICE--THERE'S
NO SMOKE!

MAYBE BATMAN
AND ROBIN CAN
DO SOMETHING--
BEFORE THESE
PEOPLE KILL EACH
OTHER IN A
STAMPEDE!



ABOVE THE DIN AND CLAMOR, BATMAN'S
VOICE RINGS OUT, MOMENTARILY QUIETING
THE FRANTIC CROWD...

ATTENTION!
THERE'S NO FIRE!
IT'S ONLY TRICK
LIGHTING! SEE?
IT HAS NO EFFECT
ON US!

BATMAN'S
RIGHT! IT'S NOT
A REAL FIRE!
IT'S A TRICK!



A SURREPTITIOUS CHANGE OF COSTUME,
AND TWO WINGED-LIKE FIGURES SWING
TOWARD THE STAGE, SILHOUETTED
AGAINST THE FIERY GLOW...

PHONEY FIRE IS
RIGHT, BATMAN!
BUT IT'S AMAZING.
HOW THOSE MOVING
LIGHTS MAKE IT
APPEAR REAL--EVEN
UP THIS CLOSE!

THERE'S A
MICROPHONE IN THE
WINGS! GET
IT ON-STAGE.
FAST!



BUT THEN, A NEW TYPE OF PANIC STRIKES,

MY JEWELS!
EEEK!
THEY'RE
GONE!

MINE,
TOO!

AND MY
PURSE
IS
MISSING!

COME ON, ROBIN!
THAT'S THE REASON FOR
THE FAKE FIRE--IT WAS
A CAMOUFLAGE TO
COVER UP ROBBERIES
OF THE AUDIENCE!



RUNNING TOWARD THE MAIN EXIT, THE
DARING DUO THWARTS THE CRIMINALS'
ESCAPE...

USHERS!
USHERING OUT
THE STOLEN
LOOT!

I RECOGNIZE
LINKY THOMAS--
FORMER "USHER"
IN THE BIG HOUSE.
GOING SOMEWHERE,
LINKY?

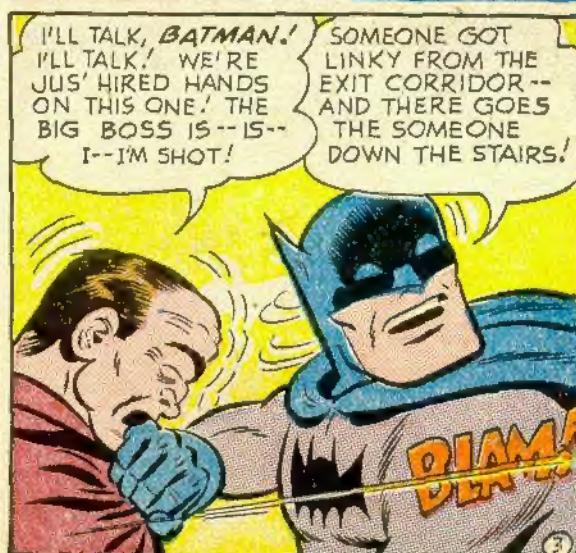
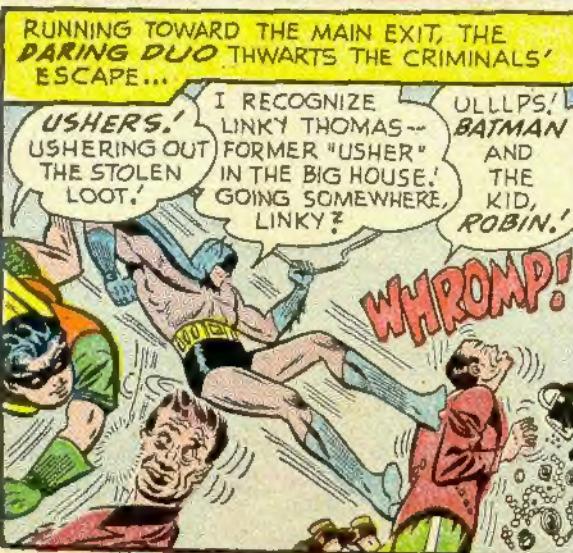
ULLPS!
BATMAN

AND
THE
KID,
ROBIN!

WHOMP!

I'LL TALK, BATMAN!
I'LL TALK! WE'RE
JUS' HIRED HANDS
ON THIS ONE! THE
BIG BOSS IS--IS--
I--I'M SHOT!

SOMEONE GOT
LINKY FROM THE
EXIT CORRIDOR--
AND THERE GOES
THE SOMEONE
DOWN THE STAIRS!



I MUST'VE BEEN
CRAZY TO SHOOT LINKY...
THEY'RE BOUND TO FIND
OUT I, GARFIELD LYNN,
WAS BEHIND THAT JOB,
ANYWAY... WELL, CAN'T
WORRY ABOUT THAT
NOW... GOTTA GET
AWAY...

JUMP,
ROBIN!

THE CAR ZIGZAGS THROUGH A FEW BACK
STREETS AT THE CITY'S EDGE, THEN
ROARS INTO THE MOONLIT HILL COUNTRY...

WE'LL MAKE OUR MOVE
NOW! ONE OF THE REAR
WINDOWS IS OPEN --
I'LL SLIP DOWN
OVER THE SIDE...

THE CAR MAKES A
VERY INTERESTING
SHADOW IN THE MOON-
LIGHT! HMM... I'VE GOT
PASSENGERS!
BATMAN AND
ROBIN! HA!
I'LL FIX THOSE
TWO! THERE'S A
SHARP CURVE
UP AHEAD!

ATTEMPTING TO SWERVE SHARPLY AT
THE CURVE AND THROW THE TWO CAPE
FIGURES OFF, LYNN SWERVES TOO
SHARPLY, AND CRASHES THROUGH THE
HIGHWAY GUARD RAIL...

THE
FOOL'S
CRASHING!

THE ILL-FATED CAR ROLLS OVER ONCE,
TWICE -- THREE TIMES -- AND LIES IN A
TWISTED, BURNING HEAP -- WHILE NOT
FAR DISTANT, A BATTERED BUT VERY
MUCH ALIVE FIGURE CRAWLS AWAY...

THE RIVER... NOT FAR
DISTANT -- I CAN MAKE
IT... I'LL BE
FREE...

CONFOUND IT!
THE RIVER --
ONLY 20 YARDS
AWAY... BUT
THEY'LL FIND ME
... I'LL NEVER
MAKE IT... EH?
WHAT'S THAT?

BATMAN, LOOK!
A TINY GLOW
IN THE BRUSH
OVER THERE!
IT LOOKS
LIKE A
CIGARETTE!

THE
KILLER,
MAYBE!
COME
ON!

THUS DO THE CAPE CRIME FIGHTERS
TURN ASIDE -- AND THUS DOES GARFIELD
LYNN MAKE HIS ESCAPE TO THE RIVER,
BUT NOT BEFORE OVERHEARING ...

WE THOUGHT IT WAS THE
KILLER -- SMOKING A CIGARETTE!
THE LIGHT WAS MADE BY
A FIREFLY!

SECONDS LATER, THE RIVER'S CURRENT CARRIES GARFIELD LYNN'S FAR DOWNSTREAM...

HA! SO A SIMPLE LITTLE FIREFLY SAVED ME! ITS LIGHT LURED BATMAN AND ROBIN OFF MY TRAIL! HA, HA! A REAL TWIST OF FATE! PERHAPS THAT'S MY LUCKY SYMBOL...THE FIREFLY!



FOR CENTURIES THAT LITTLE FELLOW HAS BAFFLED SCIENCE! LIKE ME, IT IS A LIGHTING GENIUS! AND NOW--IT SAVED MY LIFE! HA! WHAT AN INSPIRATION IT HAS GIVEN ME! GARFIELD LYNN'S IS GONE--FOREVER! BUT IN HIS PLACE IS ONE THEY SHALL NEVER FORGET... ONE WHOM THEY SHALL KNOW AS THE FIREFLY!



TWO WEEKS LATER, IN A GOTHAM CITY APARTMENT...

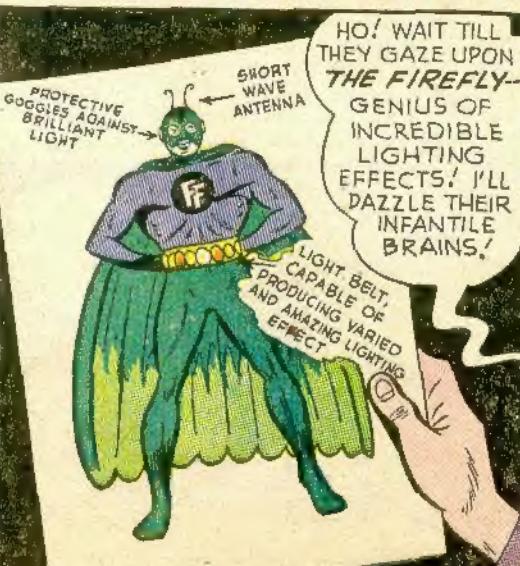
I SEE THERE'S STILL NO SIGN OF GARFIELD LYNN'S. TOO BAD THAT HE GOT AWAY THAT NIGHT--WHEN WE WERE SO CLOSE TO NAILING HIM!

DON'T REMIND ME OF IT! I STILL FEEL SILLY GETTING FOOLED BY A COMMON LITTLE FIREFLY! ANYWAY, THEY HAVE LYNN'S FACE ON ALL THE POLICE POSTERS! THEY'LL GET HIM--SOONER OR LATER!



BUT MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY, IN A CAVE SITUATED BENEATH A BARN...

HA! NEARLY COMPLETED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED THIS CAVE FOR SECRET LIGHTING EXPERIMENTS! NOW COMES MY MASTERPIECE!... SOMETHING NO OTHER MORTAL HAS DREAMED OF! HA, HA!



DETECTIVE COMICS

INSIDE...

TWO VAN RHOH'S AND TWO VERNIER'S LOANED BY THE LOUVRE! THESE FOUR PAINTINGS, COMBINED, ARE WORTH NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS!

THEY'RE BRILLIANT--BEAUTIFUL, AND VAN RHOH'S **COLORS** HAVE BEEN EQUALLED BY FEW OF THE GREAT MASTERS!

CLOSING TIME, FOLKS! EVERYBODY MUST LEAVE THE MUSEUM NOW!

BUT **NOT** BEFORE MY LITTLE GAME IS IN EFFECT! I HEREBY INTRODUCE MY **BLEACH LIGHT**, BAFFLER OF BAFFLERS!



AS ALL VISITORS ARE ROUNDED UP...





DETECTIVE COMICS



PRESENTLY, IN RESPONSE TO THE ALARM TRANSMITTED TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE EERIE **BAT-SIGNAL** STABS THE SKY, SUMMONING THE DYNAMIC DUO TO THE SCENE IN THEIR POWERFUL **BATMOBILE**!



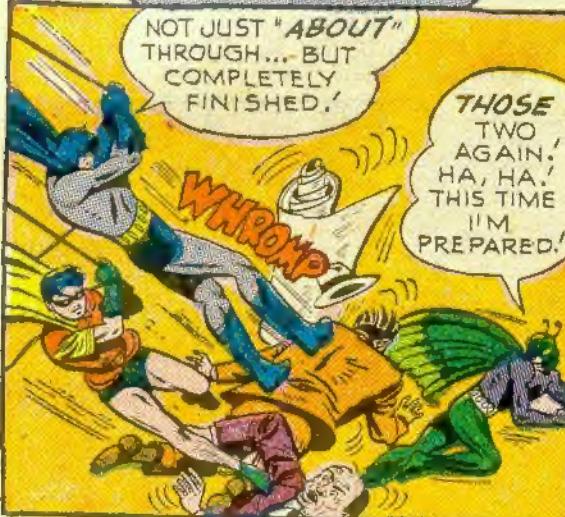
MEANWHILE...



NOT JUST "ABOUT" THROUGH... BUT COMPLETELY FINISHED!

THOSE TWO AGAIN: HA, HA. THIS TIME I'M PREPARED!

WHOMP



RUNNING SWIFTLY INTO THE MUSEUM'S "ROOM OF CRYSTALS", THE MAN OF 1,000 LIGHTS PRESSES ANOTHER BUTTON ON HIS BELT AND PULLS A DAZZLING SURPRISE ON HIS PURSUERS...

LIKE LITTLE BOYS ON A SUMMER NIGHT, YOU'D PURSUE THE **FIREFLY**, EH? HA, HA. HERE'S "LIGHT" IN YOUR EYE, **BATMAN**, A BRILLIANT RED THAT BLINDS THE FOOLISH!

UH-- CAN'T SEE...



ROBIN! HERE! GET TWO OF THESE BLUE CRYSTAL PIECES FROM ONE OF THOSE DISPLAY CASES!

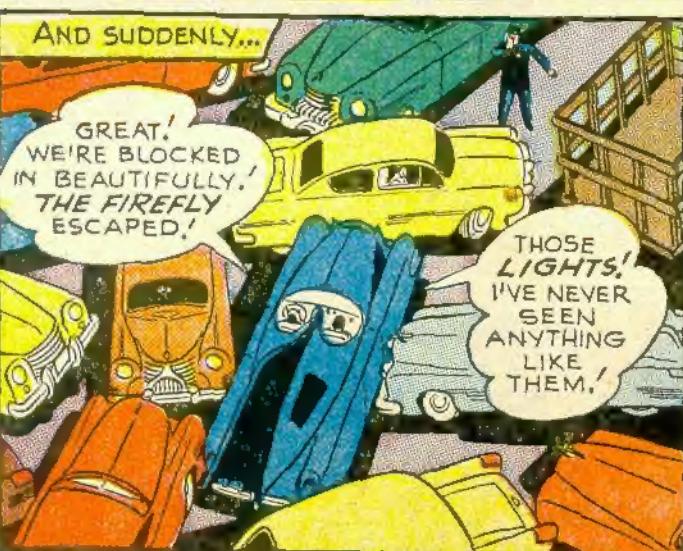
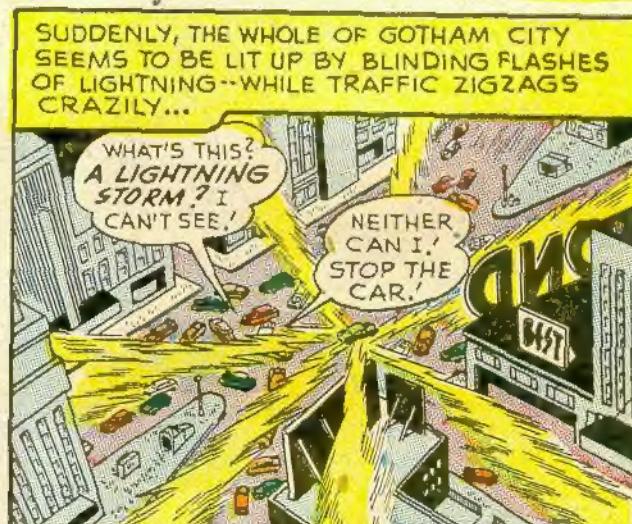
NOW, QUICKLY, SECURE THEM UNDER YOUR MASK-- OVER YOUR EYES! THEY'LL SERVE AS PROTECTORS AGAINST THE GLARE!



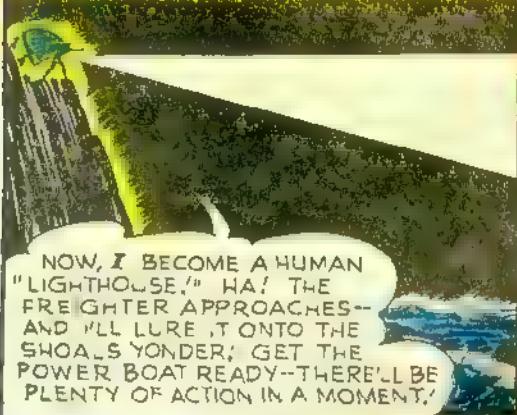
BAH! MY LIGHT IS USELESS NOW! ESCAPE IS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE HE GOES!





SUDDENLY, FROM THE AMAZING BELT, A BRILLIANT BEAM PENETRATES THE DARKNESS ABOVE THE WATERS...



DECOYED BY THE FALSE BEACON, THE SHIP CRASHES!



THEN...

CAPTAIN KIDD COULD'VE LEARNED PLENTY FROM MY TACTICS! HA, HA!
COVER THOSE CREWMEN!

OKAY, YOU GUYS, DON'T MAKE A MOVE!

AN INSTANT LATER, IN THE SHIP'S RADIO ROOM...

THAT IDOT'S TRYING TO SEND AN S.O.S.!

THAT'LL STOP HIM!



BUT THE SIGNAL HAS ALREADY RACED OUT OVER THE ETHER WAVES, AND ...

THE S.O.S. WAS SHORT AND OMINOUS! THE SHIP HAD FOLLOWED THE LIGHTHOUSE BEACON -- THEN HIT THE SHOALS! UP AHEAD, ROBIN! THERE SHE IS!

"LIGHTHOUSE", EH? EVERY TIME I HEAR THE WORD "LIGHT", I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE CHARACTER... THE FIREFLY!

YA-A-A-A!
WE BEEN UPSET!
LOOK OUT!



AMID THE CONFUSION ONE FIGURE QUICKLY MAKES HIS WAY DOWNSHORE AND SCRAMBLES UPON THE ROCKY BEACH...

THOSE TWO--
BLAST THEM!
THEY'VE DONE
IT AGAIN--
RUINED MY
PLANS!

NOW
THEY FOLLOW
ME! HA! WON'T
THEY LEARN THE
FOLLY OF PURSUING
THE FIREFLY? WELL--
LET THEM COME!
I AM NOT
UNPREPARED!

INSIDE THE
LIGHTHOUSE...

THE END OF THE
CHASE! THERE
HE IS BELOW!

AND NOW--
THE LIGHT GOES
OUT ON THE
FIREFLY!

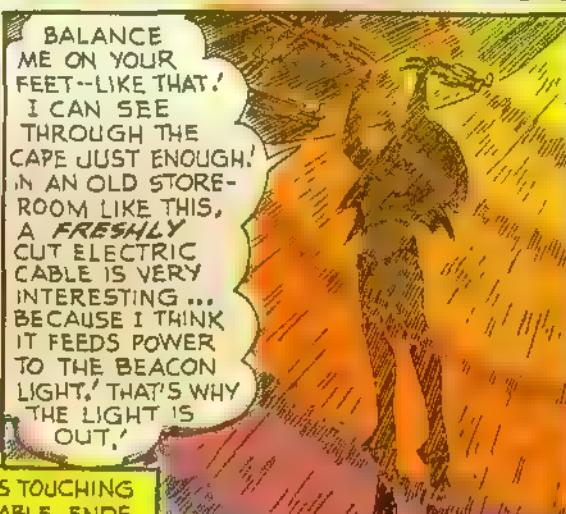
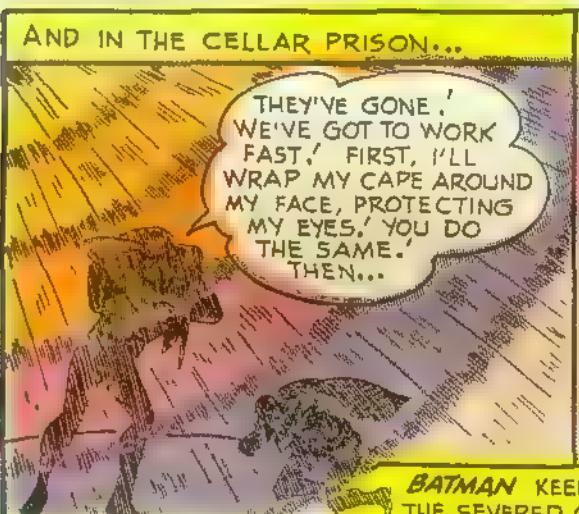
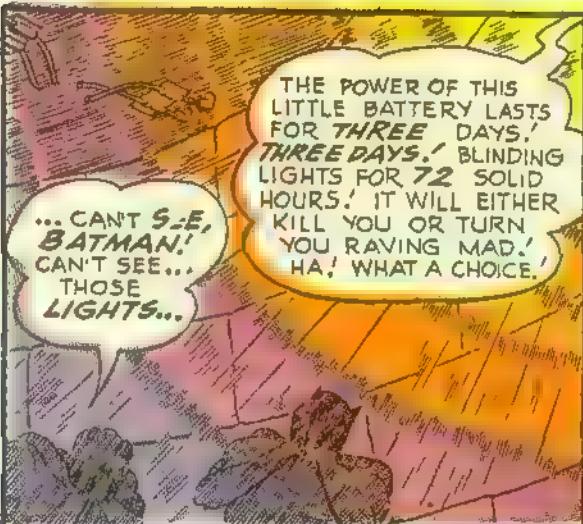
HA, HA! MERELY MY CAPE
WHICH YOU SAW BELOW, BATMAN!
YOU ARE IN THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE
STORE ROOM, FROM WHICH THERE IS
NO ESCAPE! NOW-- I'LL SHOW
YOU SOMETHING...

THE ROOM'S ONLY
TWO WINDOWS ARE
BARRED! QUITE A
JAIL, EH? AND SEE--
HERE IN MY HAND! THE
AMAZING CYCLOPS
LIGHT!

SEE! I TURN THE
LIGHT ON--BLINDING COLORS
OF THE RAINBOW!
BEAUTIFUL, AREN'T THEY?
UH--BUT, ALAS, YOU CAN'T
SEE! HA, HA, HA!
TOO BAD!



DETECTIVE COMICS



AND THEN...

THE FIREFLY SAID HE HAD A DATE AT THE AIRPORT... WITH A SHIPMENT OF GEMS BEING FLOWN IN. VERY WELL, FIRST I'LL MAKE A PHONE CALL. THEN WE'RE GETTING THE BATPLANE -- AND WE'RE TAKING THIS LITTLE GIMMICK WITH US -- THE CYCLOPS LIGHT!



SUDDENLY, THE BATPLANE APPEARS -- FEARSOME THING OF THE NIGHT HEAVENS -- ACCCOMPANIED BY SPIRALING, BLINDING LIGHTS OF THE RAINBOW!



ALL RIGHT, ROBIN! DROP THE "ANCHOR," WE'VE GOT 'EM.

AYE, AYE, SIR! HERE GOES.



ALMOST AN HOUR LATER, A CARGO CRAFT SPEEDS TOWARD THE GOTHAM AIRPORT WHEN ABRUPTLY, FROM ABOVE, APPEARS AN AUTOGYRO -- MACHINE GUNS BLAZING!



AND IN THE AUTOGYRO...



THEN, TEN MINUTES LATER, THE LAW SAYS FINIS TO THE FIREFLY'S BIZARRE ESCAPADES...

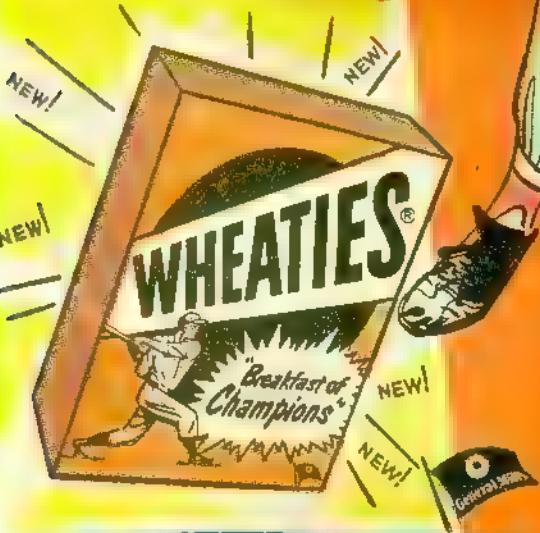
WELL, MR. FIREFLY, I THINK THIS MEANS THE END OF YOUR GLOWING CAREER!

WELL, ROBIN, I THINK HE FORGOT ONE IMPORTANT LIGHT -- THE LIGHT THAT FAILED!



What sparks a Champion sparks you!

AND CHAMPIONS CHOOSE WHEATIES!



Take a tip from
the Champions-try
NEW Super-flaked
Wheaties!

I GO FOR THE
NEW WHEATIES IN
A GREAT BIG WAY!



BOB LEMON

NEW WHEATIES ARE THE
BEST WHEATIES
I'VE EVER EATEN!

ROY CAMPANELLA

NEW WHEATIES
ARE BETTER THAN
EVER!



LARRY "YOGI" BERRA

NEW WHEATIES SURE TOP
ANY CEREAL I'VE
EVER EATEN!

PREACHER ROE

Some wonderful
energy for you in
new Wheaties because...



There's a whole kernel
of wheat in every
Wheaties flake!

Breakfast of Champions!

CASE OF THE CROSSED-UP CAR CROOK

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P.F." ADVENTURE STORY



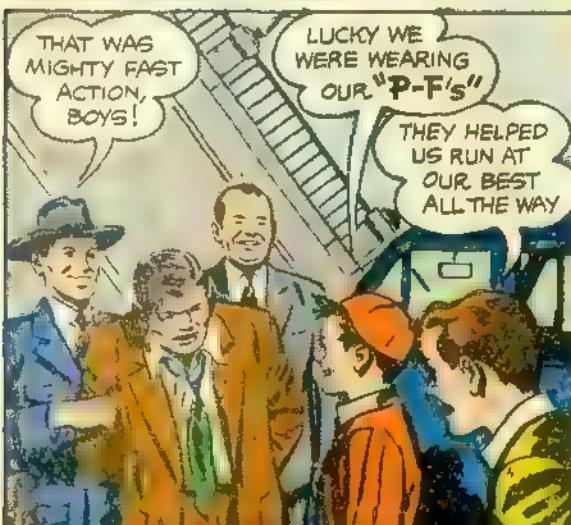
JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P.F." CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P.F." RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.



2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P.F." MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION®



TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P.F." CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
...INCREASE ENDURANCE
...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER



IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

THEY ALL LAUGHED WHEN HE FIRST SAT DOWN AND SAID HE COULD MAKE THE RAIN FALL! BUT THEY STOPPED LAUGHING WHEN THEY GOT DRENCHED! IT WAS NO LAUGHING MATTER EITHER WHEN HE THREATENED TO MAKE THE LIGHTNING STRIKE AND THE EARTH QUAKE! IMPOSSIBLE? THAT'S WHAT ROY RAYMOND SAID, UNTIL HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH...

THE MAN WHO CONTROLLED THE ELEMENTS!



ONE DAY, AS WORRIED FARMERS OF PARCHED DULLITH COUNTY DRAFT INTO TOWN AT THE HEIGHT OF THE DROUGHT...

WHAT'S THE WEATHER MAN GOT TO SAY, HANK?

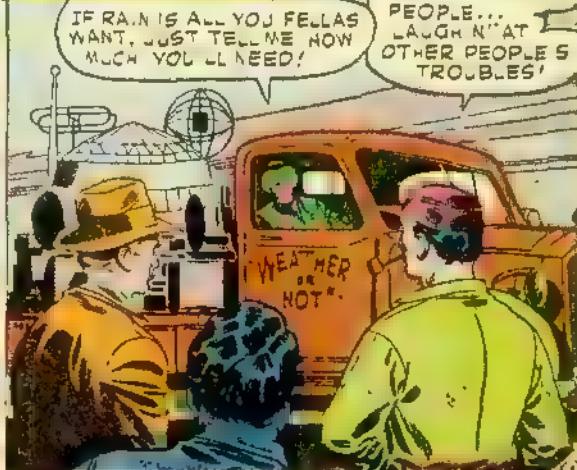
WE'RE SUNK! NO RAIN IN SIGHT! OUR CROPS WILL BE RUINED!

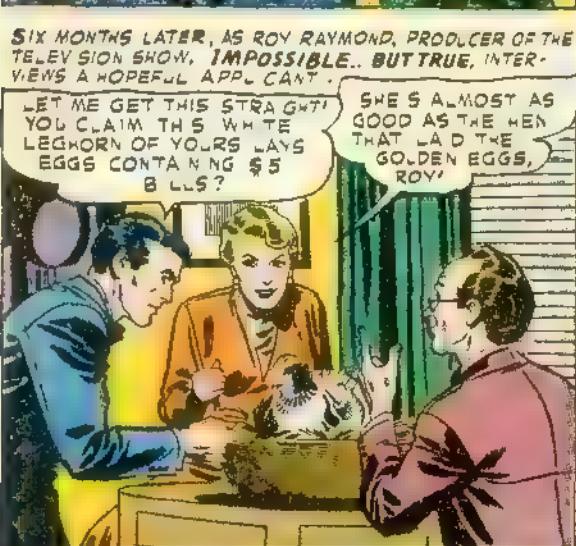
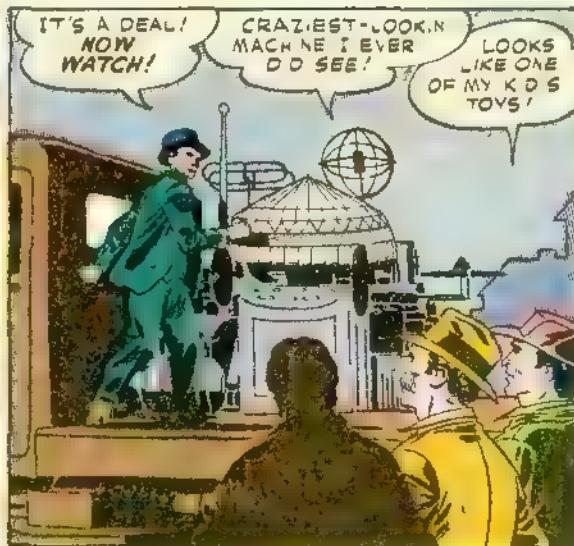
METEOROLOGICAL
BUREAU
DULLITH DUSTY

AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

IF RAIN IS ALL YOU FELLA'S WANT, JUST TELL ME HOW MUCH YOU'LL NEED!

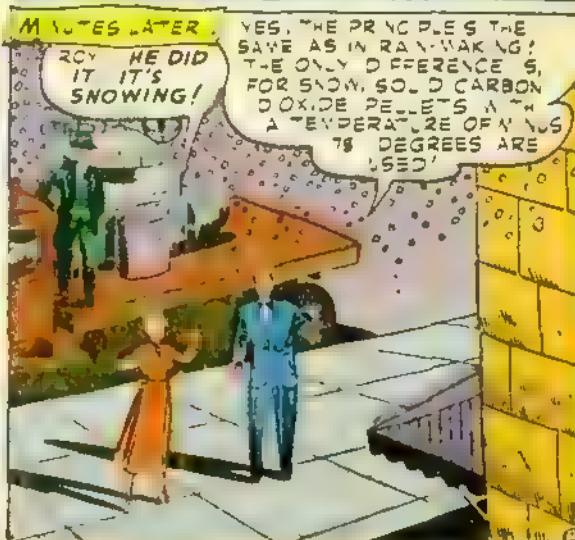
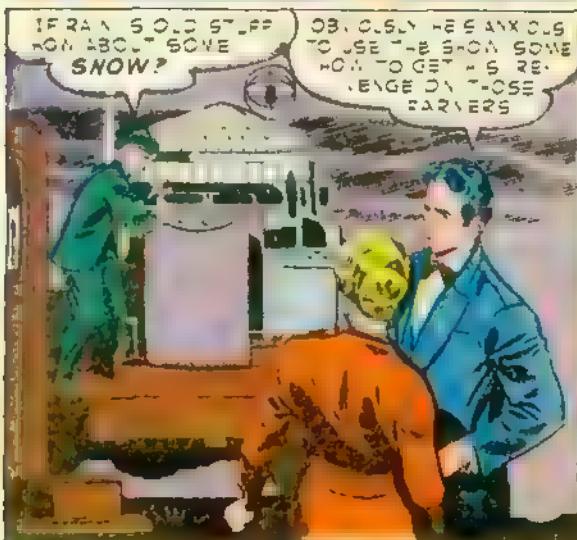
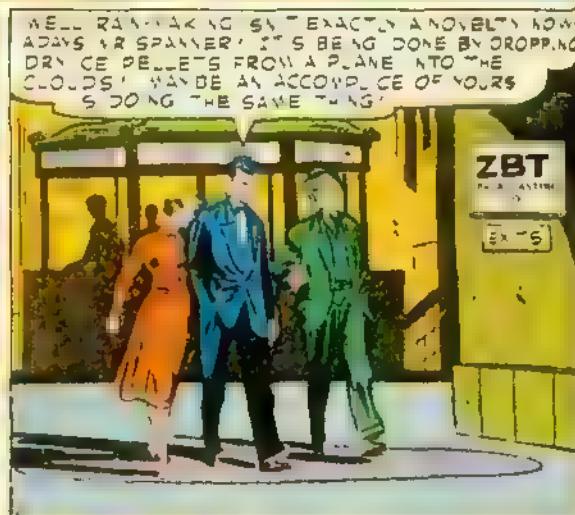
JUST LIKE SOME PEOPLE... LAUGH N' AT OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES!







DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



YOU'RE A HARD MAN TO PLEASE
MR. RAYMOND. I SEE MY MACH HE
WELL REALLY HAVE TO EXTEND
ITSELF BEFORE YOU'RE SATISFIED AND SHOW?

YOU MEAN HE
DO MORE THAN
MAKE RAIN
AND SNOW?

CLINTON SAVINGS BANK



OH, D'DY—I TELL YOU?
OF COURSE... MY MACH HE
CAN CONTROL ALL THE
ELEMENTS: THE EARTH,
AIR, FIRE AND
WATER!

THAT'S PRETTY
BIG TALK...



YOU DON'T BELIEVE MY MACH HE'S
AGENCY, EH? WELL, HOW'S
THIS FOR A STROKE OF GENIUS?
...A STROKE OF LIGHTNING!

HMM... SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT
THAT FLASH

CLINTON SAVINGS BANK



I HATE TO BE A KILLJOY, SPANNER, BUT YOU
KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT LIGHTNING TOO
HAS BEEN MADE BY SCIENTISTS! YOU
COULD'VE MADE YOURS WITH A PORTABLE
DYNAMO AND THE HELP OF A COUPLE OF
FRIENDS!



SO' MAN HAS MADE RAIN BEFORE
...AND SNOW... AND LIGHTNING! TELL
ME, MR. RAYMOND, HAS MAN
EVER BEFORE CREATED
A GENUINE EARTH-
QUAKE?

NO... AND DON'T
TELL ME YOUR
MACH HE CAN
EITHER!



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I AM TELLING YOU!
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE CERTAIN ADJUSTMENTS...
BUT WHEN I DO, PRESTO! AN EARTHQUAKE!

ZBT
TELEVISION
STUDIOS





DETECTIVE COMICS



“MAYBE YOU CAN AND
MAYBE YOU CAN’T, BUT
THAT’S ONE THING I
DON’T INTEND TO LET
YOU TRY!”

“ROY,
S-T-A-T-
F-A-R-E?
ARE YOU
AFRAID I
PROVE IT?”



“VERY WELL, SPANNER... I
WILL TEST YOUR EARTH-
QUAKE TOMORROW AT
2:40 AM!”

“GOOD DEAL! THAT EL-
LAGE GAVE YOU ENOUGH TIME
TO TELL THE AUTHOR-
ITIES WHAT WE'RE DOING,
SO THEY DON'T CALL ON
THE EMERGENCY SQUAD
WHEN THEY HEAR THE
RUMBLE!”



“EXACTLY! HA-HA, DON’T WORRY! I CAN
GIVE YOU ANY SIZE EARTH-
QUAKE YOU ORDER! LET’S
SAY, A SMALL ONE JUST
ABOUT A QUARTER-INCH
DOWN, IT MIGHT BREAK A
FEW WINDOWS, BUT
THAT’S ALL!”



“ROY, S-T POSSIBLE SPANNER, A SEismograph
DISCOVERED A HIDDEN VOLCANO. COULD TELL
CANO UNDERGROUND THAT’S WHAT BE HERE
ON THE VERGE OF ERUPTING?”

“AT 8 SHARP KAREN,
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A
VERY BUSY MORNING!”



“NEXT MORNING, AT THE OFFICE OF THE LOCAL SE-
MOCRAPHER...”

“MR. RAYMOND, I ASSURE YOU...
ANYTHING EVEN RESEMBLING A HIDDEN OR
DORMANT VOLCANO WOULD HAVE BEEN
RECORDED LONG AGO! SO, IF THAT MANS
MACHINE ACTUALLY PRODUCES A QUAKE,
YOU CAN GIVE HIM FULL
CREDIT FOR IT!”



“AND AS ROY AND KAREN HURRY THEIR NEXT
APPOINTMENT...”

“WELL, FIRST SNOW, THEN
LIGHTNING AND NEXT AN
EARTHQUAKE! WHAT I
DON’T UNDERSTAND IS HOW
ALL THIS STUFF WITH SPANNERS
CAN PLAN REVENGE ONSE, FOR
THOSE FARMERS!”



DETECTIVE COMICS

SHORTLY AFTER AT THE LABORATORY OF THE UNIVERSITY GEOLOGY DEPARTMENT

AS YOU CAN SEE MR. RAYMOND, THE LAYER OF
SILICATE BYES DOWN ABOUT A QUARTER MILE
THEY FOLLOW A LAYER OF LOOSE ROCK
AND SOIL AND ETC.

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH DOWN FOR 22
PROCESSED TO PRODUCE A SQUAKE A
QUARTER OF A MILE DOWN. LET'S
GO, KAREN.



LOOK THAT'S SITTING DOWN THERE'S - NATURAL
DO YOU SUPPOSE EARTH AND FOOLY
SPANNER'S FOOL'S PROVES THAT I'VE ALREADY
THAT'S MACHINE CONVICTED OF THAT
AGAIN SPANNER'S FAKE! BUT
I'D STAY HERE TO KNOW HOW
ALL THESE SETS WITH
REVENGE?

PRESIDENT AND CROWNED SICKERS TO
ACROSS THE EARTH-GAUKS EASY
BY WHICH HE'S BEEN CAL BRUTED
MR RAYMOND, AND I'M READY!

HOLD IT,
SPANNER!



RIGHT HERE! RIGHT HERE!
I'M TALKING TO THE DOLLIE RECORDED
AND ANALYZED BY SCIE'S
AT DRAKE'S FIRST VOL
I'M TO TELL YOU EXACTLY
HERE IT'S COME
PLACE!

RIGHT HERE... AND ABOUT A
QUARTER OF A MILE DOWN, ETC.
I'M TO TELL YOU EXACTLY
HERE IT'S COME
PLACE!





AND BELOW, IN THE BANK'S HUGE VAULT,

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE THE RESULT OF YOUR QUAKE, SPANNER! VERY CONVENIENT SPOT YOU PICKED I MUST SAY!

THANKS FOR PHONING IN THE T.P., ROY... IT PREVENTED THE ROBBERY OF THE CENTURY!



SPANNER'S STUNTS LOOKED SO LEGITIMATE, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU SUSPECTED HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE, NOT SO LEGITIMATE KAREN! I

ROY! I ALREADY EXPLAINED THE SNOW, BUT IT WAS HIS BOLT OF LIGHTNING THAT TIPPED ME OFF! REMEMBER HOW SPANNER FLASHED PHAROS? THAT MEANT IT WAS SET OFF ON THE GROUND! A REAL FLASH WOULD HAVE SHOT DOWNWARDS!



AND THAT QUAKE OF HIS...! EARTHQUAKES ARE CAUSED BY THE SPLITTING OF VAST MASSES OF ROCK! BUT, AS YOU NOTICED ON THAT SUBSOIL CHART, THERE IS NO MASS OF ROCK A QUARTER-MILE DOWN! WELL, THE ONLY OTHER THING THAT COULD ACCOUNT FOR THE EXPLOSION WAS DYNAMITE... AND THAT LED ME STRAIGHT ACROSS THE STREET TO THE BANK!

I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW WHERE SPANNER'S REVENGE FITS IN!

IT DOESN'T! IT WAS ONLY A HOAX TO THROW US OFF THE TRACK TO HIDE HIS REAL MOTIVES! IF REVENGE WAS ALL SPANNER WANTED... AND HIS MACHINE COULD REALLY MAKE THE EARTH QUAKE... WHY DIDN'T HE PRODUCE ONE IN DULUTH COUNTY?

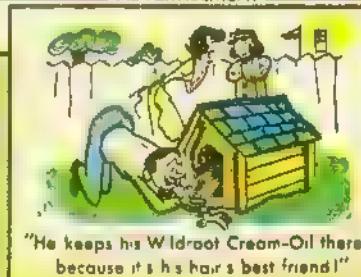


The END

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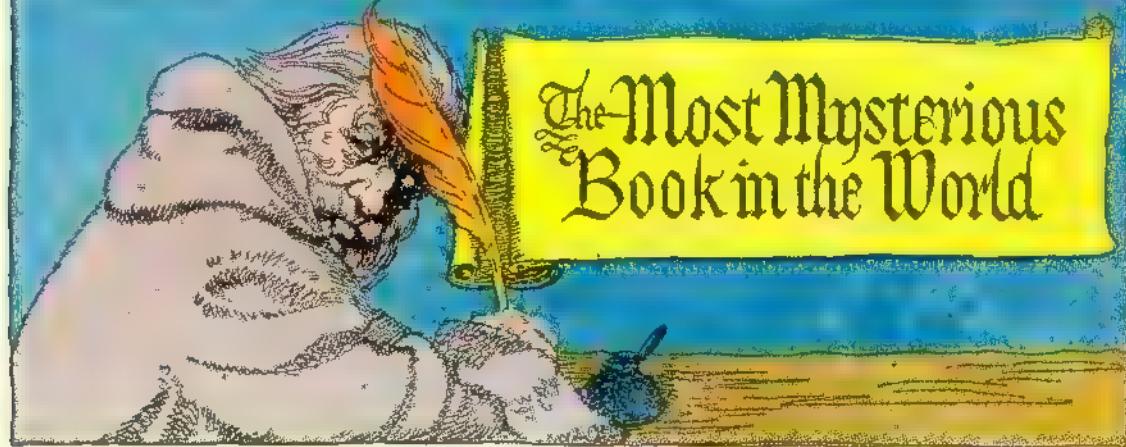
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The Most Mysterious Book in the World

NO ONE can read it. No one is even sure who wrote it, or when. It is the most mysterious book in the world.

It was discovered in 1912, when a New York dealer in rare books named Wilfrid Voynich found it in a chest full of ancient volumes. It is about eight by six inches in size, and is made of vellum, a kind of calfskin specially prepared for writing. Originally it was 276 pages long, but since then about 40 have been lost.

Many of the pages are decorated with some very strange drawings—such as a picture of a sun with a smiling face and stars all around, or a picture of water pouring out of fish-scales with a bird flying in the water. Other drawings seem to be of plants or animals. The entire book is written by hand in a mysterious sort of writing. The book puzzled Mr. Voynich as much as it would puzzle you, and he determined to see if he could solve the riddle.

He tried first to read the mysterious writing. But he ran straight into a stone wall. Experts in languages said that it was not in any known alphabet. Code and cipher experts couldn't make head or tail out of it either. This was especially astonishing because these same experts had performed such feats as solving cipher messages which had first been translated into Chinese and then thrown into a difficult cipher—all this without knowing any Chinese!

Mr. Voynich then turned to scientists. The drawings seemed to be of plants, animals, and

stars, and it seemed likely that the writing that went with the pictures described them. But not one of the scientists—even after several years' work—could say for certain what the drawings were, of.

While all these experts and scientists had been trying to figure out what the book said, Mr. Voynich had been trying to discover who wrote it. The age of the book, the kind of ink used, the handwriting—all these indicated that the book had been written around 700 years ago. Because it was written in cipher, and because it seemed to concern scientific subjects, Mr. Voynich decided that the author was Roger Bacon, a famous English scholar of the 1200's who was far ahead of his time in scientific knowledge and who knew about ciphers. Mr. Voynich was not positive of this, but it seemed worthwhile to use the idea until something better came along.

By now, he was getting especially eager to read the mysterious book. So he gave it to Dr. William Newbold, a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, who was an expert in the history of Roger Bacon's time. Dr. Newbold set to work to decipher the text.

After several years of work, he thought he had discovered how to solve the cipher and thus how to read parts of the book. What Newbold did was to examine the cipher symbols under a microscope. Enlarged in this way, he saw that each symbol was built up of a group of ancient Greek shorthand signs. Dr. Newbold gave each sign the letter which it stood for, and then went through a com-

plicated process to decipher these letters and get the letters of the original text. These original letters then had to be rearranged to make the Latin words which formed Bacon's message—the text of the book.

Using this complicated process to read parts of the book, Dr. Newbold came up with some results so remarkable that he set the whole world of science on its ears. For his decipherments showed that Roger Bacon in the 13th century discovered and used the microscope which was not re-invented until 400 years later. The mysterious drawings were seen to be in reality pictures of microscopic cells. Other drawings proved to be of a spiral nebula and of a coronary eclipse—things which are only visible with a telescope. Thus Bacon must have discovered and used the telescope, too, and this would make him one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known.

Naturally, with such spectacular conclusions, Dr. Newbold needed to prove that he was right. So he tried his shorthand-cipher-rearranging process on another old book by Roger Bacon, and discovered the story of a battle in 1273 between knights. When he checked old English records, he found that such a battle—long-since forgotten—had actually taken place. This proved to Dr. Newbold that his system was correct, and in 1921, he published his amazing findings.

He was instantly attacked. While many people thought that he had really solved the cipher, many others thought that he was wrong. First, chemists showed that the ink used in the book was very thick and that the surface of the vellum was very rough. Probably what Dr. Newbold had thought were shorthand signs were just accidental breakings-up of the ink of the cipher symbols. He must have imagined the signs, said the chemists. They also pointed out that the book appeared to be less than 700 years old; thus Bacon might not even be the author.

Code and cipher experts also had several objections to Dr. Newbold's results. The most important was the rearranging process at the very end of Dr. Newbold's deciphering method. Because so many letters were used, it was possible to get almost any text at all

out of the book. In other words, Dr. Newbold got one answer, but someone else could get an entirely different result using the very same process, and a third person would get still a different solution! This, of course, made all of Dr. Newbold's hard work entirely useless, for his answer was no better than anyone else's. Poor Mr. Voynich was as far from reading his book as he had ever been.

You may ask how Dr. Newbold had succeeded in getting the story of the battle of 1273 from another book using his method. The answer is that he subconsciously remembered reading about this battle and he used his shorthand-cipher-rearrangement process to get it from the other book.

Dr. Newbold was a very honest man—he did not try to fool anyone and he sincerely thought that he was getting the right answer to the cipher. But science knows that your subconscious mind stores up many more facts than you are ever aware of, and in Dr. Newbold's case, he was trying too hard to prove something that his subconscious mind rearranged the letters to get the one answer out of many which it knew would be correct. Dr. Newbold was not conscious of this, and it may seem hard to believe, but that is what actually happened.

In the case of the mysterious book itself, he wanted so much to show that Bacon was a scientific genius that his subconscious mind selected the letters which would give a text that would prove Bacon to be brilliant.

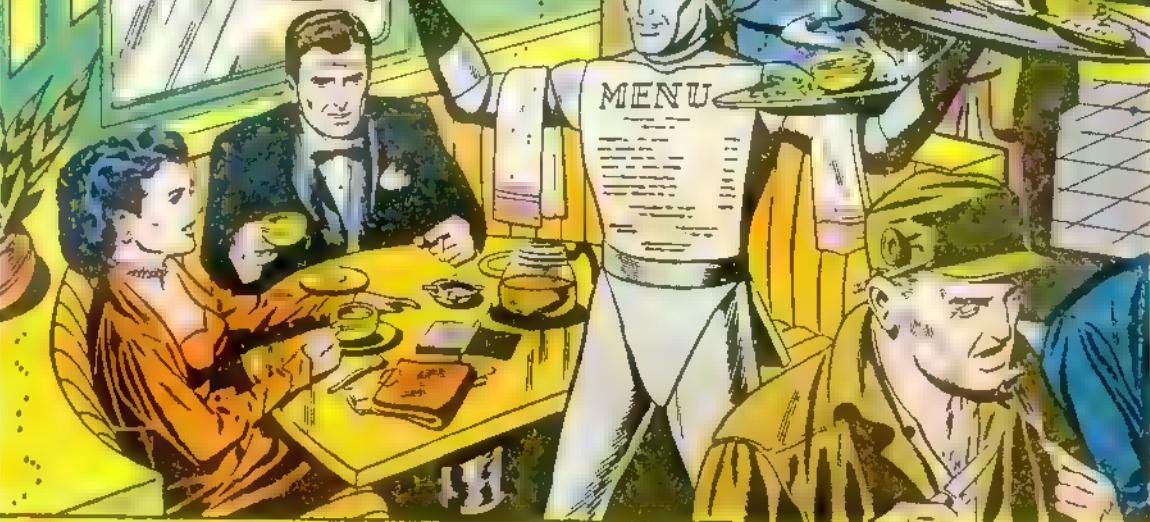
On one point Dr. Newbold trapped himself, for he stated that Bacon had discovered a spiral nebula—something which could not be identified until certain other facts were discovered in 1900. Newbold had these facts, and so could have used them subconsciously, but Bacon could not even have guessed at them.

And that's where the story ends—so far. Mr. Voynich and Dr. Newbold have long since died, their lives' desires unfulfilled. Until somebody solves the cipher so that everybody agrees on the results, the book will remain the most mysterious in the world.

—by David Kahn



ROBOTMAN



CAN YOU TAKE A DINER THAT ISN'T DOING A STRETCH OF BUSINESS AND PUT IT ON ITS FEET? PERHAPS YOU CAN'T BUT ROBOTMAN CAN... IN HIS OWN SPECIAL WAY, OF COURSE... AND HE'S WILLING TO SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE! SO COME ALONG AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN...

ROBOTMAN RUNS A RESTAURANT!

ONE MORNING AS PAUL DENNIS SECRETLY ROBOTMAN... PARKS HIS CAR OUTSIDE THE DESERTED RIVERVIEW DINER.

MY BATTERY'S GOING DEAD! I'LL USE THE DINER PHONE TO CALL A REPAIR STATION FOR A NEW ONE!

Riverview DINER



INSIDE THE DINER, EX-G.I.'S BOB TREAT AND DICK ASCOTT STARE AT THEIR FIRST VISITOR IN THREE DAYS...

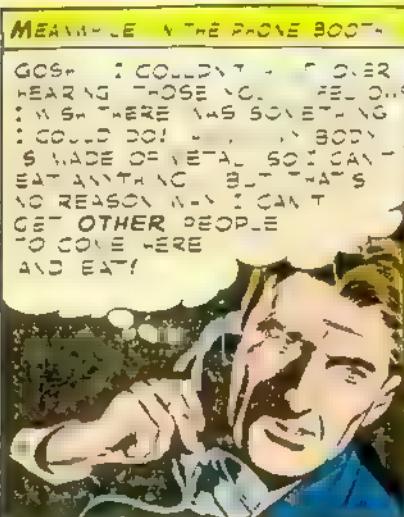
LOOK...A CUSTOMER DICK! A BIG GUY, TOO... HE'LL EAT PLENTY!

I'LL HEAT THE COFFEE!





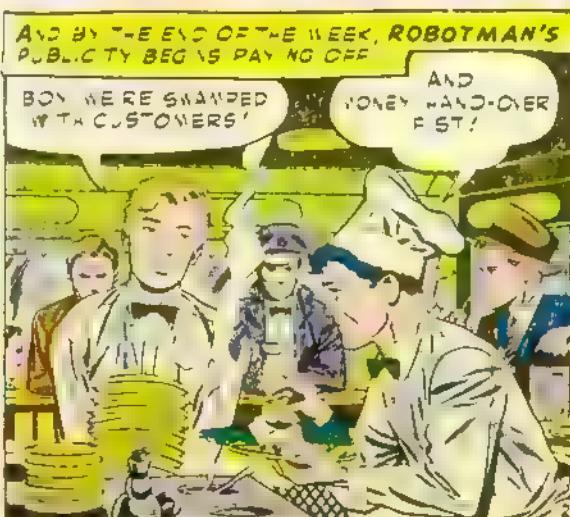
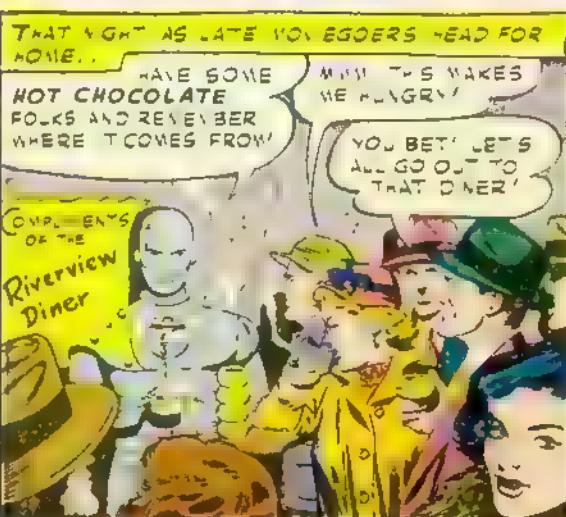
DETECTIVE COMICS

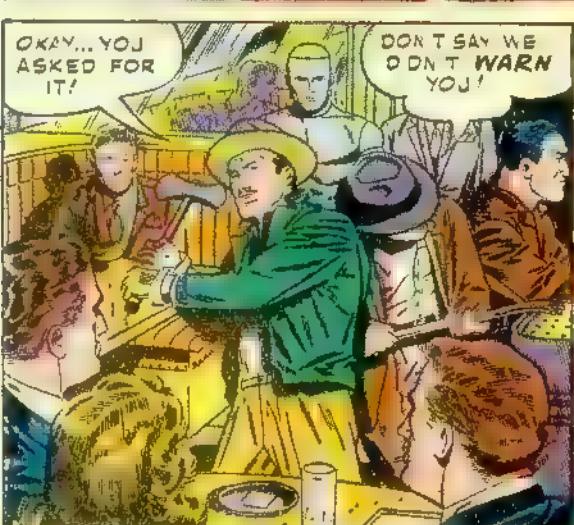
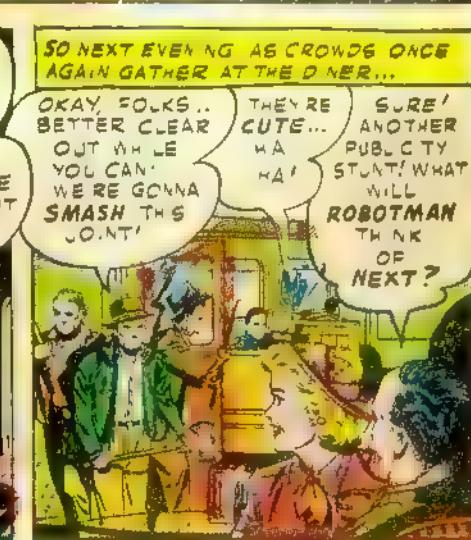
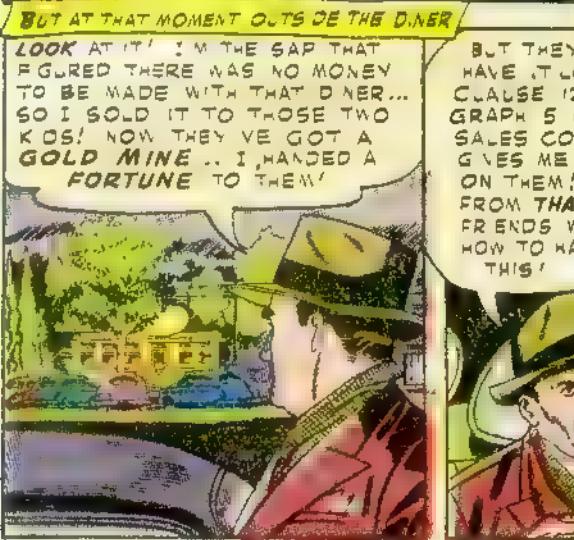


AFTERWARD, WHEN HE SAW PAUL HASTLY SITTING AS PLASTIC HUMAN DISGUISE



TO BECOME ROBOTMAN,
THE MAN OF METAL WITH
THE HUMAN BRAIN!







DETECTIVE COMICS.



WE HAVE THE HOTTEST CHILI IN TOWN! MORE RED PEPPER BOYS?

IT'S NOT ALRIGHT... BUT D-DELICIOUS ROBOTMAN! POSITIVELY WONDERFUL LGH.

YEAH... I NEVER NEVER TASTED ANYTHING BETTER!

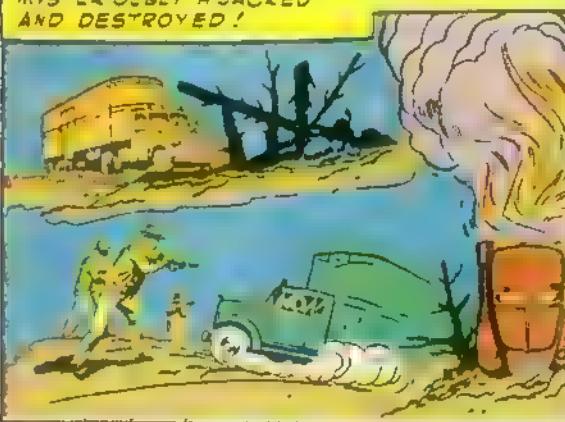
SOON...

C'MON LET'S BEAT THE WHEE WE CAN!

HA HA YOU HANDLED THAT PERFECTLY ROBOTMAN! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU THEY'D HAVE WRECKED THE PLACE!

WE STOPPED THEM THAT TIME BUT I'M NOT SO SURE THEY WON'T TRY SOMETHING ELSE!

AND ROBOTMAN IS RIGHT! FOR IN THE NIGHTS THAT FOLLOW, TRUCKS CARRYING FOOD AND DRINK TO THE DINER ARE MYSTERIOUSLY HIJACKED AND DESTROYED!



AND BEFORE LONG, BOB AND DICK FIND THEMSELVES FACED WITH EMPTY SHELVES!

WE'RE SUNK NOW! NO MORE FOOD LEFT, AND EVERYBODY'S SCARED TO SELL TO US!

AND OUR CONTRACT WITH SCAMES EXPRESSES AT MIDNIGHT, TONIGHT!



ACCORDING TO CLAUSE 2 PARAGRAPH 5 OF THE CONTRACT, IF WE CAN'T FURNISH ANYTHING ON OUR MENU AT ANY TIME, SCAMES CAN TAKE BACK THE DINER!

AND BILL SCAMES IS HERE TO DO JUST THAT... ALL NICE AND LEGAL!



COME ON IN, BOYS! IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE WE'LL GET ANY FOOD IN HERE... BUT WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY! ORDER ANYTHING ON THE MENU! THIS TREAT IS ON ME!



I'LL HAVE THE BEEFSTEAK... MED-JY RARE... WITH A SIDE ORDER OF FRENCH FRIES AND COLE SLAW! OH, YES... APPLE PIE A LA MODE... AND COFFEE!



OH, WHY CARRY OUT THE FARCE ANY LONGER? WE CAN'T EVEN SERVE A HAMBURGER LET ALONE A BEEFSTEAK AND FRENCH FRIES!

SURE... IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED BUT I KNOW WHEN I'M LOCKED IN I'VE GOT TO GET OUT! SO I'VE GOT TO GET SOAMES THE DEED TO THE PLACE... AND LET'S GO!



WAIT A MINUTE BOYS... LET ME HANDLE THINGS! EVER SINCE THOSE THUGS TRIED TO SMASH UP THE PLACE, I'VE BEEN EXPECTING SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO HAPPEN... SO I TOOK A FEW PRECAUTIONS!



SO! AN EMPTY TRAY! NO FOOD HUH?

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU SR' YOU SEE...



... WE'VE INSTALLED A NEW TYPE OF FURNACE WHICH COOKS FOOD IN A MATTER OF SECONDS! YOUR BEEFSTEAK MED-JY RARE...

CULP



YOUR APPLE PIE... A LA MODE!



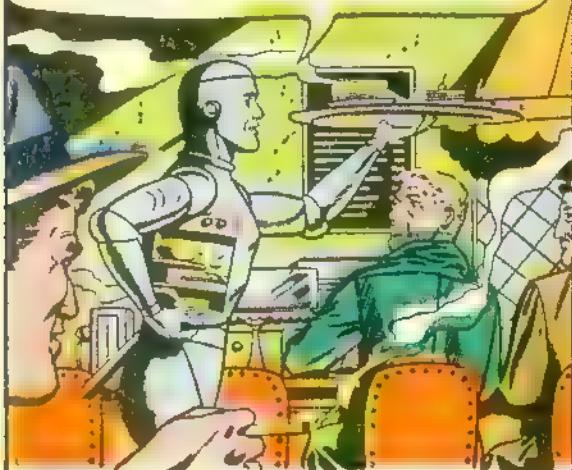
AND YOUR COFFEE... WITH HEAVY CREAM!





DETECTIVE COMICS

EGGS WITH A SIDE SERVING OF HAM...
CLUB SANDWICH... FRANKS AND BEANS!



TOMATOES FRESHLY
PICKED AND SLICED!
HOT ROAST BEEF
SANDWICH COMING
UP!



WELL, SOAMES, WE'VE GIVEN
YOU EVERYTHING YOU ASKED
FOR! DOES THE D'NER
BELONG TO BOB AND
DCK NOW?

Y-YES... I
G-GUESS
IT DOES!



GOOD! IN THAT CASE, I'M
TAKING YOU ALL DOWN TO
POLICE HEADQUARTERS FOR
YOUR JUST DESSERTS!



THE
END.

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BOB FELLER FOR
A SAM SNEAD



PAS' E 'EM IN
YOUR ALBUM

OH BOY, ONLY
5 TO GO AND
I'LL HAVE ALL
60 CARDS!

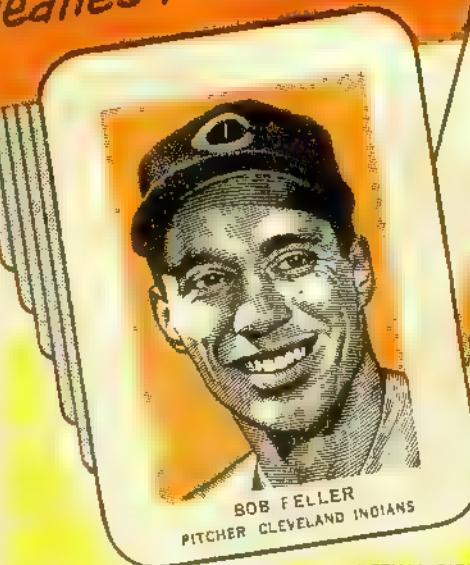


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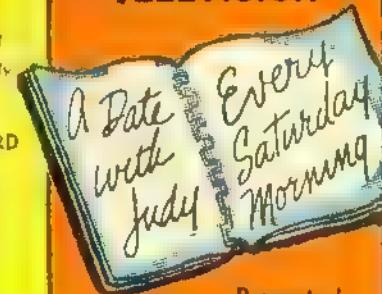
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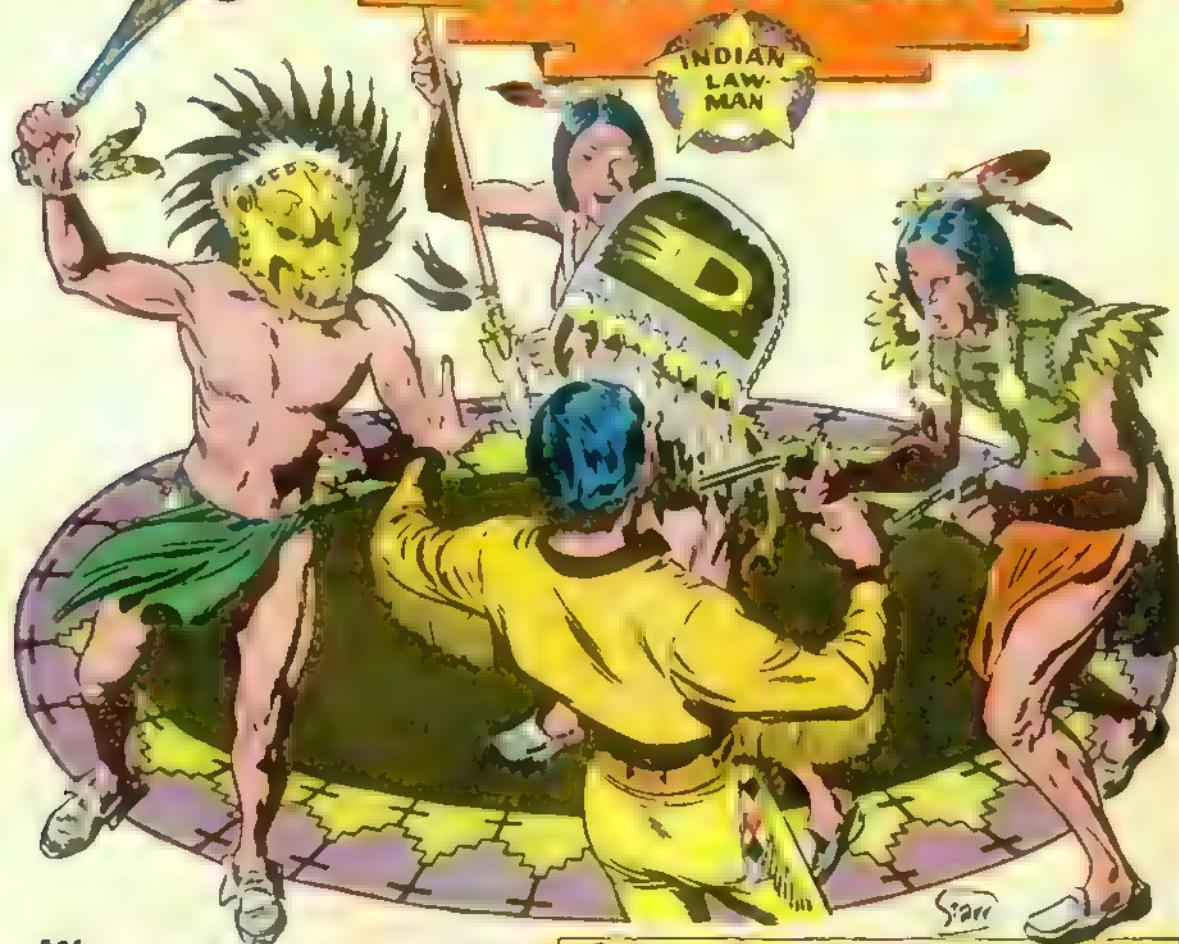
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POW-WOW SMITH



WHAT IS THE SECRET PURPOSE OF PAINTED, FEATHERED RAIDERS WHO STEAL PRECIOUS HISTORIC RELICS -- ONLY TO LEAVE THEM ON THE DOORSTEP OF A REMOTE MUSEUM? AS SUPER-ON FALLS UPON HIS WAY TO BE, POW-WOW SMITH, FAMOUS INDIAN LAWMAN, UNRAVELS A DANGEROUS MYSTERY OF MODERN COLLECTING -- WITH A PLOT TO EXPOSE THE SENSATIONAL PLOT BEHIND IT...

"**The
INDIAN RELIC
ROBBERIES!**"

ONE DAY, AS THE SIOUX OF RED DEER VALLEY PLAN THE OPENING OF THEIR TRIBAL MUSEUM...

"I'LL BE A GOOD COLLECTOR, CHIEF LONE EAGLE. WE CAN BE PROUD OF IT!"

"BUT IT WOULD BE SO MUCH BETTER ON NESA. IF WE COULD SHOW THE THREE GREATEST HEADS OF OUR FOREFATHERS -- GRAY COUGAR'S MEDICINE MAN, RED ELM'S MAGIC WEAPONS, AND THE FAMOUS WAPPEL SHIRT OF BLUE CLOUD!"



DETECTIVE COMICS



W.H., THIEF AND TRAITOR,
HAVE TAKEN THOSE WINGS
FROM US THROUGH THE
YEARS -- AND NOW MALEFACES
VALUE THEM SO HIGHLY, WE
CAN NEVER HOPE TO
GET THEM BACK!

I'LL TALK TO THE MEN
WHO OWN THEM NOW.
PERHAPS WE CAN
BORROW THEM, AT
LEAST FOR THE
OPENING CEREMONIES!



BUT WHEN OH-YESA (THE WINNER) -- KNOWN TO WHITE
MEN AS POW-WOW SMITH, INDIAN DEPUTY -- CALLS
ON STEVE CORWIN, A DEALER WHO OWNS TWO OF
THE PRECIOUS HISTORICAL RELICS...

SORRY, POW-WOW, BUT I'VE
JUST SOLD RED ELK'S
SILVER SHIELD, LANCE AND
CLUB! THEY'RE BEING
SHIPPED EAST TOMORROW,
TO A COLLECTOR NAMED
JOHN RIGGS!

THAT LEAVES THE
WAMPUM SHIRT
PRESENTED TO CHIEF
BLUE CLOUD FOR
ESTABLISHING PEACE
WITH THE PLAINS
TRIBES, 80 YEARS
AGO!



AFAIR I'LL HAVE TO TURN
YOU DOWN AGAIN; YOUR
FELLOW TRAITORS
THINK SO MUCH OF THESE RELICS,
I MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE
GETTING THEM BACK!

NOTHING LIKE THE
TROUBLE MY PEOPLE
HAD WHEN THEY
WERE STOLEN LONG
AGO! BUT IF THAT'S
HOW YOU FEEL, CORWIN,
I'M WASTING MY TIME
HERE!



AND AT THE HOME OF HENRY HARTWELL, COLLECTOR,
WHO OWNS THE GEM-STUDDED GOLDEN MASK ONCE
WORN BY THE GREATEST OF SIOUX MEDICINE MEN...

WHAT?... LEND
THE PRIZE OF
MY COLLECTION
TO A LOT OF
THEV'N'
REDSKINS?

YOU FORGET
THAT I'M A
REDSKIN, HARTWELL--
AS WELL AS A LAW-
MAN WHO HAS
FOUND MORE
THIEVERY AMONG
WHITE MEN THAN
INDIANS!



SORRY, POW-WOW -- I
CLEAN FORGOT. BUT
THIS MASK'S SOLID GOLD,
SET WITH ANCIENT SPANISH
JEWELS. EVEN THOUGH IT'S
INSURED FOR \$100,000,
I COULDN'T THINK OF
LETTIN' THE SIOUX
BORROW
IT.

I WAS SAFE WITH
THEM FOR A LONG
TIME, TELL A CROOKED
TRADER CHEATED
THEM OUT OF IT
MANY YEARS AGO!
HOWEVER, NOW THAT
IT'S YOURS LEGALLY,
YOU'VE GOT THE
FINAL SAY -- JUST
AS CORWIN HAD!



CORWIN? WHAT ABOUT
HIS SILVER WEAPONS
AND THE WAMPUM
SHIRT? NEXT TO MY
MASK, THEY'RE THE
MOST VALUABLE
INDIAN RELICS IN
THESE PARTS!

THE WEAPONS ARE BEING
SENT EAST TOMORROW; AS
FOR THE OTHER -- I'M
SORRY TO SAY CORWIN
DOESN'T TRUST INDIANS
ANY MORE THAN YOU DO!



LATER, WHEN POW-WOW REPORTS BACK TO CHIEF LONE EAGLE...

IT IS AS I FEARED
EVEN AFTER LYING
TOGETHER IN PEACE
FOR MANY MOONS,
SOME IDIOTS AND
MALEFACES HAVE NOT
YET LEARNED TO
BE FRIENDS!

BUT THE RELICS
ORIGINATED WITH
OUR TRIBE! WE
SHOULD HAVE THE
RIGHT TO LOOK AT
THEM, AT LEAST--
EVEN IF WE MUST
STEAL THEM





DETECTIVE COMICS



THAT'S BAD TALK, LEAN BEAR. IF IT WERE REPEATED, OTHER WHITE MEN WOULD FEEL TOWARD US AS HARTWELL AND CORWIN DO:

OH YESA'S R.GHT. BECAUSE OF YOUR YOUTH, WE WLL FORGET YOUR FOOL SH SPEECH BUT LET THERE BE NO MORE OF IT!

AS YOU WSH, O CHEEF!

YET THAT EVENING IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE . . .

YUH? INJUNS RAIDIN' HARTWELL'S PLACE? ILL BE R.GHT OVER W.TH DEPUTY SM TH!

I'M ON MY WAY, SHERIFF!

AND AS POW-WOW RACES TO THE COLLECTOR'S HOME . . .

STOP THE REDSKINS. THERE'S THREE OF 'EM - PAINTED LIKE NIGHTMARES - AND THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY W.TH A FORTUNE!

HALT, IN THE NAME OF - OOPS!

LOOK OUT FOR THAT ROPE STRETCHED ACROSS THE STREET, SHERIFF. NO USE TRYING TO TRACK THEM IN THE DARK. I'LL PCK UP THE R. TRAIL AT DAYLIGHT!

THEY C.T. MY MEDIC NE MASK -- THE ONE YOU WANTED ME TO LEND 'EM! HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT IN CAHOOTS W.TH 'EM?

THAT LL DO, HARTWELL! POW-WOW'S MY BEST DEPUTY, AN' I'M PUTTIN' HIM IN CHARGE O' THIS CASE! ANY LOOSE TALKIN' YUH DO ABOUT H.M. YUH'LL HAVE TO ANSWER TO ME FOR!

HIS TALK DOESN'T WORRY ME, SHERIFF. HE'S EXCITED AND UPSET. I'LL SCOUT AROUND WHILE YOU LOOK OVER THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY!

BUT THE SOUTHERN LAWMAN'S MORE WORRIED THAN HE CARES TO ADMIT! AND AS HE RIDES BACK TO RED DEER VALLEY, NEAR M.D.N.GHT . . .

LEAN BEAR'S NOT A THEEF -- BUT HE DID SUGGEST STEALING THE RELCS, AND THE THIEVES EVENTUALLY WERE INDIANS. HMM . . . LONE EAGLE SEEMS TO BE EXCITED

OH YESA! COME QUICKLY -- TO THE MUSEUM!

MINUTES LATER, INSIDE THE MUSEUM . . .

SEE? . . . THE MEDICINE MASK! IT WAS LEFT ON THE DOORSTEP BY THREE HORSEMEN, WHO AWOKE US W.TH SHOUTS AND RODE ON. WE BROUGHT IT INSIDE FOR SAFETY!

I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT GOING TO LOOK GOOD FOR US, CHEEF! WE'LL GUARD IT TILL TOMORROW, THEN SEND FOR HARTWELL AND THE SHERIFF!



DETECTIVE COMICS



NEXT MORNING . . .

WELL FIND THE ONES WHO STOLE OR BORROWED IT! BUT F RST, POW WOW AN' I'LL SEE YUH SAFE HOME WITH IT, HARTWELL!

HOLD ON IF I TAKE T BACK, THEY M.GHT RAID ME AGAIN. MAYBE I OUGHT TO LEAVE IT HERE!

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! BUT TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO MORE MONKEY BUSINESS, I'LL HAVE THE INSURANCE COMPANY KEEP SPECIAL DAY AND NIGHT GUARDS HERE!

SEEMS YUH DON'T TRUST NOBODY-- INCLUD'N ME AN' MY LAWMAN! BUT SPECIAL GUARDS WILL SUIT US FINE!

AND WHEN HARTWELL HAS DEPARTED . . .

EVEN W.TH NOBODY HURT AN' THE LOOT FOUND, IT'S A SERIOUS OFFENSE, POW-WOW ANY IDEA WH CH O'THE NJUNS HERE MIGHTIVE DONE IT?

IF ANY OF THEM DID, SHERFF, I'LL FIND OUT! BUT MY BIGGEST WORRY RIGHT NOW IS WHETHER THIS IS THE END OF IT. REMEMBER -- THERE ARE TWO OTHER RELICS NEARBY, ALMOST AS VALUABLE AS THIS ONE!

AND THAT VERY AFTERNOON, AS A TRAIN ENTERS A NARROW RAILROAD PASS . . .

WE TAKE BOX SENT BY STEVE CORWIN TO NEW YORK -- OR ELSE WE BLOW UP TRAIN WITH DYNAMITE!

I THOUGHT INJUN TRAIN ROBBERIES ENDED BACK IN MY GRANDPA'S TIME! BUT N YEW O' THAT DYNAMITE YUH'RE WAVIN', RECKON YUH GT YORE WISH-- THIS TRIP!

LATER, WHEN POW-WOW RELAYS NEWS OF THE ROBBERY TO STEVE CORWIN . . .

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO RIDE OUT TO THE MUSEUM WITH ME! THE STOLEN ART CLES MAY TURN UP THERE, AS THE MASK'D!

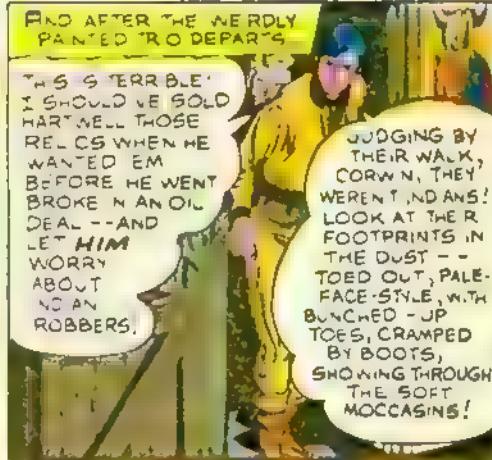
NO SUCH LUCK. THEVES DON'T STEAL THNGS THAT VALUABLE JUST FOR FUN. I'LL BET I NEVER SEE THOSE SWER WEAPONS AGAIN -- NOR THE MONEY MY CL'NT PROM'SED TO PAY ON DELIVERY!

SUDDENLY . . .

YOU LOSE BET, CORWIN. WE TAKE WAMPUM SHIRT NOW!

NO! IT SHIT EVEN INSURED! I'LL BE RUINED!





DETECTIVE COMICS



LATER, IN THE TOWN LIBRARY, THE LAWMAN DOES SOME HASTY RESEARCH.

I'D FORGOTTEN SOME OF THESE DETAILS. THE STATE PRESENTED RED ELK WITH THE SILVER WEAPONS FOR DRIVING OFF OUTLAW JETS WHO WERE RAIDING SILVER MINES! THE WEAPONS ARE STUDDED WITH UNCUT TURQUOISE AND AMETHYST!



END WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

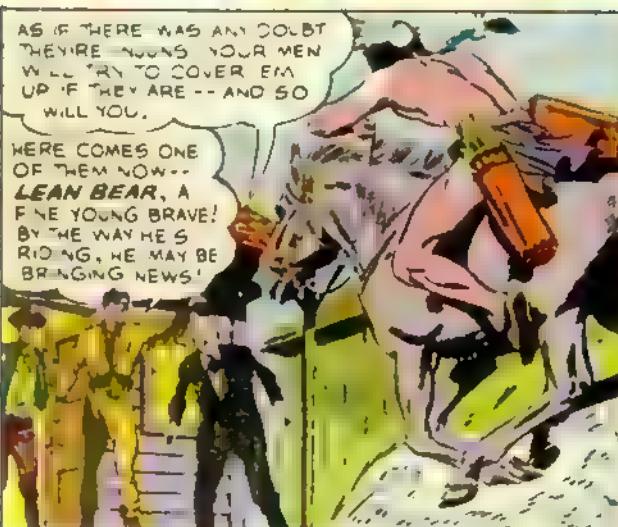
POW-WOW, THESE GENTS - SPECIALLY CORN - ARE PESTERIN' ME TO HURRY UP AND CATCH THE INJUN RAIDERS! TELL 'EM WHAT STEPS YOU'VE TAKEN TO SOLVE THE CASE!

FOR ONE THING, I'VE GOT TRUSTWORTHY WARRORS SEARCHING THE HILLS -- MEN I CAN DEPEND ON TO SEE JUSTICE DONE, WHETHER THE CRIMINALS ARE PALEFACES OR INDIANS!



AS IF THERE WAS ANY DOUBT THEYRE INJUNS YOUR MEN WILL TRY TO COVER 'EM UP IF THEY ARE -- AND SO WILL YOU.

HERE COMES ONE OF THEM NOW -- LEAN BEAR, A FINE YOUNG BRAVE! BY THE WAY HE'S RIDING, HE MAY BE BRINGING NEWS!



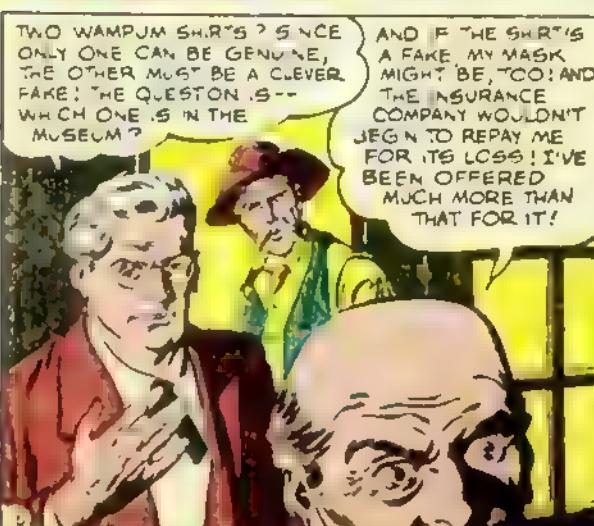
OH YEGA, HERE'S A STRANGE THING! RUNNING WOLF SAYS HE CAN BUY CHEAPLY A WAMPUM SHIRT EXACTLY LIKE THAT IN THE MUSEUM, YET NOT THE SAME! BUT HE WILL NOT TELL WHERE IT IS!

RUNNING WOLF? SOUNDS ALMOST AS IF SOME OF OUR PEOPLE WERE INVOLVED, BUT HOW CAN THERE BE TWO SHIRTS LIKE THAT?



TWO WAMPUM SHIRTS? SINCE ONLY ONE CAN BE GENUINE, THE OTHER MUST BE A CLEVER FAKE! THE QUESTION IS -- WHICH ONE IS IN THE MUSEUM?

AND IF THE SHIRT IS A FAKE, MY MASK MIGHT BE, TOO! AND THE INSURANCE COMPANY WOULDN'T BEGIN TO REPAY ME FOR ITS LOSS! I'VE BEEN OFFERED MUCH MORE THAN THAT FOR IT!



WE TOOK IT FOR GRANTED THE ITEMS LEFT AT THE MUSEUM WERE REAL ... BUT WE SHOULD HAVE MADE SURE! SHERIFF, YOU GET OUT THERE WITH HARTWELL AND CORWIN -- AND I'LL FOLLOW WITH AN EXPERT TO GIVE AN IMPARTIAL OPINION!

I'LL FOLLOW, TOO -- WITH MY LAWYER! IF THERE'S TRICKERY, I'LL NOT ONLY WANT TO FILE AN INSURANCE CLAIM ... I'LL SUE EVERYBODY IN SIGHT!



DETECTIVE COMICS

BUT WHEN THE OTHERS DEPART, POW-WOW RIDES FOR THE HILLS WITH LEAN BEAR -- TILL FINALLY...

HO! A RIDER -- GOING FAST!

THAT'LL BE THE EXPERT I'M AFTER! I'LL FOLLOW HIM, LEAN BEAR! YOU GO BACK AND DO AS I TOLD YOU!

POW-WOW TAILS THE RIDER TO A CAVE IN A REMOTE CANYON, WHERE...

IT'S HIM, AT LAST!

HOPE HE'S READY TO PAY US OFF! I'M SICK O' GITTIN' AROUND LOOKIN' AT YOU UGLY REDSKINS!

I KNOW ABOUT THE STORY OF THE REAL LOOT LEAKIN' OUT! WHAT I WANT TO FIND OUT IS, ARE YOU MAVERICKS DOUBLE-CROSSIN' ME, OR JUST GETTIN' CARELESS?

UH? YUH GONE LOCO, BOSS? WE AIN'T SEEN A SOUL, AN' THE LOOT'S RIGHT WHERE YOU LEFT IT! LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

HMM... THEY'RE THE REAL ARTICLES, ALL RIGHT! THAT INJUN LAWMAN WAS TRYING A TRICK! BUT I WON'T FALL FOR -- HUH --?

YOU'VE ALREADY FALLEN FOR IT, HARTWELL!

CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER ARREST FOR ROBBERY, CONSPIRACY, AND A FEW OTHER THINGS -- AND YOU, BALDY STONE, FOR RESISTING AN OFFICER OF THE LAW!

POW-WOW --ALONE AND UNARMED-- I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS!

RELAX, INJUN -- AND TALK! YOU'LL LIVE JUST AS LONG AS YOU CAN KEEP ME INTERESTED IN WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO SAY!

THERE'S NOT MUCH TO TELL! CATCHING YOU WAS EASY! ONCE I KNEW THE RAIDERS WERE DISGUISED PALEFACES, AND THAT YOU'D TRIED TO BUY CORWIN'S RELICS BEFORE YOU RAN OUT OF MONEY I SUSPECTED THE TRUTH!

SO I SIMPLY VERIFIED MY SUSPICIONS BY EXAMINING THE RELICS LEFT AT THE MUSEUM! THEY WERE PRETTY GOOD FAKES!

THEY SHOULD BE! I USED REAL SILVER AND GOLD, MIXED WITH LEAD -- THE FINEST IMITATION GEMS -- AND A SPECIAL PLASTIC WAMPUM! I STARTED WORK WHEN THE MUSEUM WAS FIRST PLANNED, MONTHS AGO!



I HAD LEAN BEAR MENTION THE OTHER SHIRT BECAUSE I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE ANOTHER, AND I WANTED TO SCARE YOU INTO REVEALING YOUR SECRET CACHE! AND NOW THAT YOU'RE CAUGHT...

CAUGHT? WHY, YOU GRINNIN' IDIOT -- I'LL SHOW YOU WHETHER I'M CAUGHT!



DON'T BOTHER, HARTWELL -- I KNOW YOU'RE CAUGHT! I FOLLOWED YOU ALONE TO MAKE BETTER SPEED... BUT SINCE OTHERS OF MY TRIBE HAD AN INTEREST IN YOUR CAPTURE, I TOLD THEM TO TAG ALONG!

PALEFACE THIEF BETTER BEHAVE NOW!



AND SO, WHEN POW-WOW REJOINS THE SHERIFF AT THE MUSEUM...

HARTWELL MEANT TO CLAIM THE INSURANCE FOR HIS MASK BY MAKING IT **SEEM** TO HAVE BEEN STOLEN AND REPLACED BY A FAKE! HE ALSO FIGURED THE SAME TECHNIQUE WOULD ADD OTHER RARE ITEMS TO HIS COLLECTION!

NOW HE'LL BE PART OF A RARE COLLECTION, HIMSELF -- AT STATE PRISON!



THE IMITATION RELICS ARE ACCURATE AND VALUABLE, TOO! SINCE HARTWELL WILL NEED MONEY FOR LAWYERS, I'LL BE GLAD TO BUY THEM AND PRESENT THEM TO A MUSEUM AS A REWARD FOR THE RETURN OF MY PROPERTY!

GOOD! THEY WILL REMIND MY PEOPLE OF THE OLD HEROES -- AND EVEN IF THEY'RE NOT REAL, THEY WILL CAST NO SUSPICION OF DISHONOR ON THE TRIBE!



RECKON THEY'LL REFLECT A HEAP OF **HONOR** INSTEAD, CHIEF -- SEEIN' POW-WOW SMITH, ONE OF YOUR PEOPLE, SOLVED THIS CASE ALMOST SINGLE-HANDED!

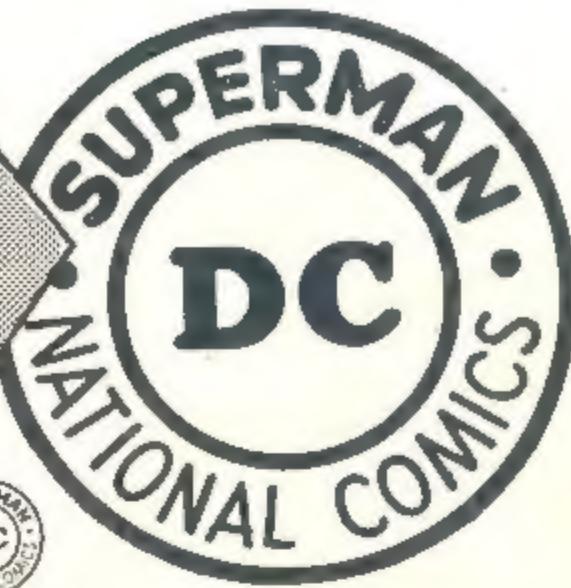
WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PROUD OF OHIVESA, THE WINNER -- A GENUINE SIOUX HERO, WHO COULD NEVER BE REPLACED BY AN IMITATION!



The End.



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